

Copyright, 1893, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

# Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

2



## THE RUSSIAN BEAR ASKS TOO MUCH.

UNCLE SAM. — I'm willing to make any reasonable extradition treaty with you, but I won't help send political refugees to Siberia!



**PUCK,  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.**

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, April 12th, 1893.—No. 840.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The most of the articles and illustrations in Puck are copyrighted in Great Britain. All persons are cautioned against using any of them without permission.

**CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.**

**CONCERNING  
THE RUSSIAN  
TREATY.**

THE FORMATION of an international treaty in time of peace is not a transaction demanding secret deliberation on the part of the Senate. In the case of the Russian treaty, which has been or is about to be ratified, the policy of secrecy has been mischievous. With or without reason, the people have been led to believe that a treaty is contemplated which will, in effect, sanction and abet the crimes of Russian despotism. If the version of it that has eluded senatorial reticence is not distorted, this treaty removes from the category of political offenses, and thereby makes extraditable, any design or attempt upon the life of a member of the royal family. The Russian definition of this offense, which is punishable by death, is found in the case of a young student at the University of Kieff, who was lately hanged for an attempt upon the life of the Czar. His attempt appeared simply in his being found in possession of a pamphlet advocating representative government for Russia. We as a nation, of course, can not endorse assassination as a civilizing agent. But this treaty would return to the clutches of this barbarous monarchy not only the man who killed or really attempted to kill the tyrant who grinds his people, but it would refuse asylum to the man who should indulge in the faintest hope of righting his country's wrong in a peaceful manner. That we should grant to this despotism which furnishes the greatest provocation for revolt, a privilege that we withhold from the humane nations, is as absurd as it is iniquitous. If such a treaty were ratified, Russia would have induced us to shoulder a part of the dreadful responsibility it incurs in enslaving its people. Our nation gained its liberty by doing on a large scale what the Russian patriot tries to do single-handed. We can not now endorse a despotism a thousand times more iniquitous than that we threw off. War is only wholesale assassination with a better advertisement of motive. That is why we can not consistently deliver to death or worse, the man who has dared to contemplate the ends for which we fought. We, least of all the peoples of the world, can afford to brand a longing for liberty as a crime. A treaty such as this would acknowledge our moral and material prosperity to be the fruit of crime; it would indict as assassins the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Russia has forfeited its right to any but the most meager of diplomatic courtesies—just sufficient to preserve the two nations from needless friction.

There is yet a deeper significance attaching to our attitude toward Russia. The responsibility entailed by our revolt from British misrule did not cease with the success of that revolt. We established by force of arms certain principles which we believed to be requisite to the maintenance of liberty and equality. In so doing we obligated ourselves to uphold those principles forever. That obligation can hardly be better met than by giving to oppressed nations, not only the benefit of our example, but the aid of our sympathy and such discreet encouragement as may be consistent with the preservation of peace with their rulers. We gave this example, this sympathy and this encouragement to France in its day of monarchical oppression; and, in consequence, we became the father of the French Revolution; a child that, despite the travail attending its birth, has grown to do us proud. We should stand to-day toward the people of Russia as we stood toward the people of France in 1789, and as France stood toward us in 1776. Our influence is handicapped in this instance by the grosser despotism which rules Russia, a despotism which precludes the sympathetic intimacy that existed between France and the United States in our days of trouble. But this fact only makes our obligation the more sacred. The spirit of freedom in Russia, blinded, cramped and persecuted as it is, looks to the United States of America for its inspiration.

**CONCERNING  
CRUSHED  
TRUTH.**

A bill has been introduced in the New York Legislature making it a misdemeanor for publishers of newspapers to "misrepresent the circulation of their papers for the purpose of securing advertising or other patronage." This is a foul blow at the freedom of the press. What's a press good for, anyway? This bill indicates that some one has been taking seriously the airy perjuries of the circulation editor. This is wrong. In olden times the King had his minstrel to sing the blessings of his rule. The modern King of Thought avails himself of the same privilege. He subsidizes the conscience of an imaginative being, who thereupon sings that the circulation of the *Morning Bluff* is 568,794. An ordinary journeyman-liar could not do this. It requires special training. The notarial poet begins by figuring the distance from the earth to the sun. He then ascertains how much greater it would be if multiplied by the number of fixed stars. Becoming used to large totals, he thus works out his result: The actual number of *Morning Bluffs* printed ought to be twice as great as it is, on general principles; and every copy of the paper is read by at least three people. Therefore the average daily circulation is six times the number printed,—with a few odd added on to impart a hue of veracity. His work is further complicated by his need to show an increase of about twenty-eight thousand each month, and yet to keep within the realm of the possible. And some idiot believes that these statements deceive. Next, some one will want a law to eliminate the improbable from comic-opera plots. The one sad feature of the spectacle is that several newspapers that are notoriously beholden to the circulation romancer, instead of denouncing this blow at poetic license, support it. This is the same consistency that Cain would have displayed if, after his fratricidal encounter with Abel, he had gone about securing names to a petition to make murder a capital crime. This bill would not only divert to other and perhaps harmful ends these perennial springs of mendacity; it would, at one fell blow, decrease the aggregate circulation of New York papers by seventy per cent. Kill it by all means. There is too little poetry in the world now.

**A NEW EDUCATIONAL PLAN.**



THE MASTER of the high-priced school  
With smile serene and bland,  
The backward pupils marks way up  
To show how well they stand.

The parents fairly jump and dance,  
They feel so proud and gay.  
And then, of course, the little boys  
Won't give the snap away.

That's why the boys know lots of ball,  
It makes me sad to state,  
And naught at all of Q. Hora—  
Tius Flaccus, B. C. 8.

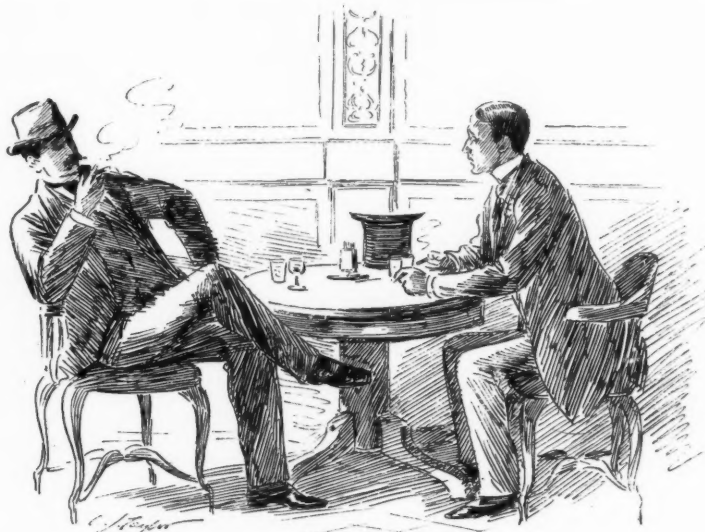
R. K. M.

**NOW READY.**

**PUCK WORLD'S FAIR SOUVENIR,**

Issued by the Publishers of PUCK as a souvenir of the Columbian World's Fair, and as an example of the possibilities of modern color-printing. It contains reproductions of the choicest work that has appeared in PUCK, and will represent to the world the very best of American humor, of American illustrative art, and of American typography. In a handsome illuminated cover, designed by Joseph Keppler.

64 pages. Price, 50 cents. Of all Newsdealers.



**HIS DECADENCE.**

RIVERS IDE. — Rondo tells me he sold six poems to the magazines last week.

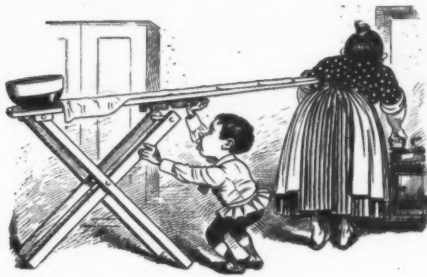
JACK LEVER. — Poor fellow! and he used to write such good poetry, too!



# THE PATENT IRONING BOARD; OR, FRIGHTENED FRANKY'S REVENGE.



I.



II.



III.

## COLLISION OF IDEAS.

REGGY BACKBAY.—Miss de Mudd, are you at all interested in psychology?

MISS DE MUDD.—Oh, yes; very much indeed! But I know I should break my neck if I tried to ride one.

## WHEN SHE SITS ON HIS LAP.

HELEN HYLER.—Don't you think it is very bad form for a man who is calling on a young lady to sit down before she does?

JACK LEVER.—Certainly; but under some circumstances he has to.



IV.

## COMPETITION THE LIFE OF TRADE.

GOLDBERG.—Say, Ikey, Bloomingstein is having a big bargain sale; you just take those fifty-cent cards, draw a line through them, mark them thirty-seven, and put them on the twenty-five-cent goods. We must keep abreast of the times.



## AN ILL OMEN.

MCAUGURY.—Confound it! A cross-eyed woman looked at me.

FRIEND.—Well, what of it?

MCAUGURY (*despairingly*).—What of it? Why, I'm a candidate for the Presidency of a Thirteen Club, and I'm on my way to the election; but (*hopelessly*) that settles me!

## AN ADVANTAGE.

HOBSON.—There's one advantage in being poor.

DOBSON.—I'd like to know it.

HOBSON.—Did n't you ever notice that self-righteous and glorified feeling a poor man has when he tells you how charitable he would be if he were rich.

## VAIN REGRET.

It makes the shrewd old speculator sigh

To think that, while he flies financial kites,

He can never build a railroad in the sky,

Or lay the heavens out in building sites.

BETWEEN THE combined threats of the abbreviated rainy day costumes and the hoopskirt, the anticipations of the slender woman built on the Eastlake plan are not happy ones.

## EXPLAINED.

CHIMMIE.—I wonder why dem swell dress coats is cut away so in front fer?

CHONNY.—So 's a feller kin gits his hands in his pockets easy, I s'pose.

## AT THE DIME-MUSEUM.

SKELETON JOE.—Dis here is a great stew. Have a piece of de neck?

FLOSSY-BEARDED KITTY.—Not on yer life. I got one neck on me plate already.

SKELETON JOE.—Hully Gee! Dey must 'a' killed de double-headed chicken!

## A LONG STRIKE.

WIFE.—Did you get back your old place?

HUSBAND (*gloomily*).—N—No. The company said all our places were filled, everything was running as usual, and no strikers would be taken back.

WIFE (*anxiously*).—What are you going to do?

HUSBAND (*with dignity*).—Do? We'll continue the strike.

HE LOOKED upon the banyan tree  
That spreads about with air divine,  
And murmured in his perfect glee,  
"This must be Nature's crinoline."



## MAN, POOR MAN!

MRS. JOHN P. COX (*irritably*).—Here I'm dressed and waiting, with a dress on that cost you nearly a hundred dollars and a hat that cost thirty-five! I should think you would be anxious to get out and let people see how well your wife is dressed instead of dillydallying around in this way. What are you doing, anyhow?

MR. COX (*from next room, meekly*).—One moment, dear. I'm trimming my cuffs.



FRENCH TALES RETOLD  
WITH A UNITED STATES TWIST.\*

### UNCLE ATTICUS. (Concluded.)

Retold from the French of M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT

by H. C. BUNNER.

The Rev. Mr. Studder hurried into his clothes and crossed the street to the silent mansion of Mr. Jarbey, where only a pale night-lamp glowed in the great room on the second floor.

"What a horrible thing," thought the Reverend gentleman, "for that godless old man, if he is as godless as I have been told — to die attended only by that heartless and graceless reprobate!"

From a recessed doorway further along the street, Theodore watched the missionary disappear into the house of Uncle Atticus. He grinned in his malicious, half-intoxicated glee as he tried to picture to himself the encounter that was about to take place. Under ordinary circumstances it would probably have resulted in battle, murder, and the sudden death of the missionary. But Uncle Atticus was absolutely paralyzed by the attack of indigestion. He could hardly move hand or foot: he had no means of defense left to him but his large and varied vocabulary of oburgation. Theodore ran over in his mind the long list of his uncle's explosions of unhallowed rage, and reflected, with profound satisfaction, on the probability that this one would be worse than any one of which the old man had hitherto been guilty.

But five minutes — ten minutes — a quarter of an hour passed and no sound came from the great square mansion of yellow brick. The night was growing sharp and chill. Theodore emerged from his hiding-place and began to walk up and down in the middle of the roadway, casting anxious and expectant glances at his Uncle's house; but no sound disturbed the calm silence of the moonlight night, until the bell of the town clock struck four, and Theodore realized that nearly three-quarters of an hour had elapsed since his uncle's hall-door had closed behind the broad shoulders of the missionary.

He began to be disturbed in mind, and before long he was both mystified and worried. What had happened? Had Uncle Atticus gone off in a faint, or suddenly died at the apparition of a clergyman in the very chamber of infidelity? Had he killed the missionary? Had the missionary killed him? The state of his uncle's digestion forbade the supposition that the two had eaten each other, or otherwise Theodore would have accepted this as the only likely solution of the problem. For another long hour the unhappy nephew of Uncle Atticus cooled his heels in the damp, dank morning air. He dared not enter the house and find out for himself what had happened, for that would have committed him to an acknowledgment of his participation in the matter; and he had no notion whatever of confessing his guilt, should it appear that any unpleasant consequences had been the outcome of his practical joke. Theodore was not that kind of young man.

Finally, when five o'clock rang out upon the chill air, Theodore realized the necessity for taking further steps. Nearly opposite his uncle's mansion lived a young gentleman of Theodore's kidney, who came as near as any one could to being Theodore's chum. This gentleman's name was Nathaniel Gillup, and he slept on the ground floor of a little wing of his father's house that gave on two streets — an apartment eminently convenient of nocturnal access. A signal familiar to the two young men brought Mr. Gillup promptly to the window; and in a few minutes, Theodore, wrapped in his friend's blankets, was telling with chattering teeth the story of the night. Mr. Gillup was deeply interested. In the pauses of his friend's narrative, he repeatedly uttered the common or garden name of the place of departed spirits; and when the recital had come to an end, he nimbly but noiselessly executed a complicated dance-step, known to the profane as a domino; and said cheerfully, as he put on a bath-robe of gorgeous dye:



"This is a lark. Take a nip of whiskey and get into my bed, and I'll sit here at the window and spell you for a while."

Mr. Gillup's vigil was faithful but futile. Six o'clock came and seven, but the home of Mr. Jarbey was still wrapped in silence. Then, apprehensive that he might be keeping watch on a house of death, Mr. Gillup wakened the weary Theodore to an aching head, and the two young men sat and stared from behind the blinds at the big yellow house. It was with unspeakable relief that they saw at last the beginning of the usual daily life of the establishment. The blinds were opened by Mr. Jarbey's solitary domestic, who moved about naturally, as if nothing strange had happened.

"Can't we go over and get old Hetty to give us a tip on the sly?" suggested Mr. Gillup.

"Not on your life!" cried Theodore, in alarm. "The old woman positively hates me; and she's smarter than any ten steel traps. No, sir; the only thing to do is to wait and watch. He never gets up Sundays till twelve even when he's well; and he does n't like to have any one come in the house till he's smoked a couple of pipes and feels just right — about two or three in the afternoon."

"The young men took turns in watching throughout the morning, Theodore impelled by a gnawing fear and anxiety, and Gillup by curiosity and the delight of sharing in a mystery. It was nearly two o'clock when the front door opened, and the missionary appeared, and crossed the street to his own house. He bore no signs of excitement or disorder; on the contrary, he had the tranquil air of a man well satisfied with the world and with himself. Theodore took a stiff drink of whiskey from his friend's bottle, and hurried nervously to his uncle's bedside."

Uncle Atticus lay in his old-fashioned four-poster bed, pale, except as to the extreme tip of his nose, and wearing an expression of gloomy dejection. "Well, Uncle," his nephew addressed him, as naturally and cheerfully as he could, which was neither very naturally or very cheerfully, "how do you feel this morning? I was in hopes I'd find you up and about by this time."

Uncle Atticus shook his head as one does who hears a grave subject lightly discussed. "I come mighty near dying last night, Theodore," he said solemnly. "You may not know it, Theodore, but since you left me I've been a mighty sick man — an almighty sick man."

There was a suggestion of reproach in the phrase "since you left me," and Theodore hastened to excuse himself. "Well, of course," he said, "I saw you were suffering from one of your attacks of indigestion."

"Indi-hell — there, don't you get me to swear, Theodore. I suppose you think there ain't ever anything worse the matter with people than indigestion? Well, now let me tell you there's some things you don't know in this world, young man. There's two or three things you've got to learn yet. I come just as near dying last night as ever I did in my life. I had an attack, after you fellows went away, that was worse than anything I ever thought a man could live through."

Theodore felt his spirits beginning to return. "What sort of an attack was it, Uncle," he inquired.

"I don't know, I don't know," said Mr. Jarbey, shaking his head; "it was something between cholera and pneumonia, I should think; may be a little of both. And I'd have died here in my bed — died here alone — yes, sir — alone — if it had n't been for the mercy of Divine Providence."

"Hey!" gasped Theodore.

"Yes, sir," repeated Mr. Jarbey impressively; "the mercy of Divine Providence. Oh, you may well open your ears! There's nothing like it. As true as I'm layin' here — as true as I'm layin' here, Theodore — there's be'n a miracle worked in this house!" He reached out a fevered hand, caught the wrist of the amazed young man, and pulled him closer, while his voice dropped to an awe-struck whisper as he went on. "Say! you know that missionary — that man with a beard — Mr. Studder? I did n't used to like him exactly — you know. Well, that man had a revelation last night."

"A rev — what?" stammered Theodore.

"A revelation; yes, sir, a revelation, like they had in the back part of the Bible. A vision from heaven come to that man and said I was sick, and left all alone here, and needed him the worst way. And what does that man do, Theodore? What does that Christian gentleman do — but get right into his pants, and come over here and take care of me the whole night long. Why, he could n't have done more for me if he'd been my own brother!"

Theodore struggled with an intense desire to laugh, but controlled himself after a moment. "You seem to take kindly to religious society, Uncle," he said, with ironical bitterness in his tone.

Uncle Atticus released his nephew's wrist, and looked a little confused as he replied: "'T wa'n't a question of religion, Theodore," he said. "'T was a question of life and death. And I tell you, Theodore, that man took right good care of me. You see, those missionaries — may be you don't know it, Theodore — but they have to study medicine just like







## THE BALDHEADED FRAUD.

ENTERPRISING MUSEUM MANAGER, (who has advertised the appearance of PADE-REWSKI, to BEAUTIFUL CIRCASSIAN). — Miss Dugan, allow me to present Mr. O'Shayne; and, as he has been disappointed in the arrival of his luggage, may I ask you to be kind enough to lend him your wig, in order that he may go on with the next number?

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

HARDUPP. — I've promised diamonds to a young lady. I saw some cracking good imitations on Broadway to-day. She'll never know the difference.

CARPER. — What's the young lady's name?

HARDUPP. — Miss Rosenbaum.

CARPER. — You'd better get the genuine!

## THE ORIGINAL REPUBLIC.

GHOST OF GARRISON. — You do not deny that all men were created free and equal, John?

GHOST OF JOHN C. CALHOUN. — Yes; I do. Only two men were created free and equal; and one of them, sir, was a woman.

## A KIND OF EDITOR.

REPORTER. — I have a big sensation for you.

EDITOR. — What is it?

REPORTER. — Peter McGuigan, the drygoods merchant, has just beaten his wife half to death.

EDITOR. — Very sorry; but we can not use it.

REPORTER. — Why not?

EDITOR. — Because Peter would come right around and withdraw his advertisement.

## SHE CAN'T CALCULATE.

"Women have no head for figures."

"That's so. My wife insists that she is only two years older now than she was in 1883."

"THE WASH OF THE SEA."

SPARRING WITHOUT A MASTER — Punching the Bag.

THE COLOSSUS OF ROADS — Broadway.

"THE PRICE of whiskey has been raised again," said Col. Bludd of Kentucky.

"Well," answered his neighbor, "there is one good thing. It can't cost more than it is worth."

## BUNCOING THE DEVIL.

DICK. — I always thought you a man of good taste, Tom; why do you wear an imitation opal?

TOM. — The genuine ones are infernally unlucky, you know.

## "IT'S AN ILL WIND, THAT BLOWS NO GOOD."

MR. JONES (in FLORIST'S). — Well, Miss Rose, how's business to-day?

MISS ROSE. — It's been kind of dull for the past couple of days; but Col. Grave's funeral will brighten things up a bit, to-day."

## "AT THE CHURCH DOOR."

SEXTON (to party trying the door during baptismal service). — You can't go in, sir.

OUT-OF-TOWN VISITOR (vexed). — Can't go in? A d—n pretty sort of a church this is!

SEXTON (apparently pleased). — Oh, yes, sir! a great many come a long way to see it.

## IT DOES BETTER.

COATES. — Has Mudleigh a large fortune?

GLOSSÉ. — Immense; and his income is increasing every year.

COATES. — Inherit it?

GLOSSÉ. — No; he invented a compound for taking the shine off diagonals.

COATES. — Does it work?

GLOSSÉ. — No; but it sells.

## KEEN AT A BARGAIN.

VENDER. — Any sawdust, lady?

MRS. CUTRATE. — How much?

VENDER. — Five cents a bar'l, an' I'll take it in an' dump it.

MRS. CUTRATE. — I'll give you three.

VENDER (scornfully). — Won't you take a bar'l for nothin'?

MRS. CUTRATE (deliberately). — Is it sifted?

## SUPERSTITIOUS VENERATION.

FOREIGNER. — Republics are ungrateful. When your great men die you do not even see that their graves are kept green.

AMERICAN. — Well, our college boys paint their monuments so quite frequently.



## ACCORDING TO AGREEMENT.

ENRAGED CUSTOMER. — Look here; what kind of a shop do you call this? I've been waiting here over an hour, while my hat is being blocked!

SALESMAN. — Yes, sir; — our sign outside says: "Block your hat while you wait."

any regular doctor; and I guess there's some of 'em knows as much as most doctors. Anyway, he saved my life. I would n't be here now talking to you, Theodore, if it wa'n't for that man."

"He seems to have made a night of it."

"I hope you'll never have to go through such a night, Theodore."

This was said in a tone of deep reproach. "He stuck right by me through it all, though," went on Uncle Atticus; "and he would n't even go home to breakfast — just sat right down there on a chair at the foot of the bed, and et something off the washstand. I was feeling so bad I could n't take anything, only a cocktail. Hetty makes a first-class cocktail. Did me good."



"Did the missionary have a cocktail, Uncle?" inquired Theodore.

"Now, that's what I don't like about you, Theodore," said his uncle, with considerable irritation. "You don't know where to stop. He's got his convictions and I've got mine."

And if I don't go quite so far as he does, why, that's no reason why I should n't respect his notions of what's right and proper."

This time Theodore was nearly stricken dumb. It was some time before he could murmur an apology. "I did n't mean anything," he said, in a bewildered manner. "Of course I feel that way myself. I respect — I respect — everybody," he concluded vaguely and weakly.

An awkward silence reigned for a minute.

"Did you find him — a pleasant talker?" Theodore hazarded at last.

"First-rate, first-rate," his uncle answered, more agreeably. "A man who's been out in the world so much as he has, and seen so much, could n't help being an interesting talker. Makes an elegant prayer, too — and, oh, yes — what was I going to say? Oh, yes. He lent me a book to read, too. Real interesting book. You'd ought to read it, Theodore." And Uncle Atticus hurriedly and somewhat confusedly produced from under the bedclothes a small, black book bearing on its cover in showy gilt a picture of a crown skewered on an African war-spear.

"A religious book!" exclaimed Theodore, in undisguised amazement.

"Why, yes — no. It's the 'Historical Account of the South African Missions.' Why, no, I would n't say it's a religious book; it's more a sort of a kind of book of travels and adventures. I tell you, you may say what you like, Theodore, those folks have done a lot of good in those barbarous countries." Theodore knit his brows and asked quietly:

"When is the Reverend Mr. Studder coming to see you again?"

"I don't know — I don't know; may be he'll look in to-day, just to see how I am," answered Uncle Atticus in some confusion. "He said he guessed I'd better not talk to anybody much more to-day — might make me tired, and put me back."

Great minds sometimes conquer misfortunes by temporary submission; but Theodore's mind, though it was keen enough, had no elements of greatness. "Good-afternoon, Uncle," he said; and then he could not resist giving the renegade one vicious thrust. "I suppose you don't know yet the date when they'll receive you into the Church?"

His uncle made a rapid movement of anger, and seized the pillow; then, controlling himself, he turned his back, and, with hands trembling with rage, tried to re-arrange his bed and settle himself for a nap.

"No, I don't know," he said, savagely; "but

I'll tell you what I *do* know. I *do* know who left me here to die all alone. And I do know who saved my life. No, I don't want you to fix that pillow for me! But I'll tell you what you *can* do: you can send Hetty to me, as you go out, and you can shut the front door so's it won't slam. Good-day — Good-day!"



Uncle Atticus has had no return of his attacks of indigestion since he joined the church and the prohibition party, and married a Shining Light among the Daughters of Temperance. As he has also resumed business, and is making money with great rapidity, his sanity is unquestioned. Theodore is attending to his law practice more than he used to.

(This series of short tales was begun in No. 831 of PUCK.)

#### NO NECESSITY TO WORK.

PULLEN. — I worked hard trying to get a government clerkship, but I'm going to take a good rest now.

PUSCH. — You've given up trying, have you?

PULLEN. — Oh, no; I secured the place.

#### UNHEBRAIC.

ISAACSTEIN. — Moses, vot you t'ink about dis t'eory dot de Intians vos von off der lost tribes of our beebles?

WITTEHAUSER. — Nein, nein; dey sell de land too cheap.

#### TAPERING OFF IN ENTHUSIASM.

"Fleesey does n't seem to be very enthusiastic about his approaching marriage."

"No; Fleesey was one of those Republicans who was sure that Harrison would carry New York."



#### STRINGING HER.

KATE. — That Singer girl reminds me of a ball of twine.

LOUISE. — Why?

KATE. — She's so wrapped up in herself.

#### A POSTAL NOTE.

LESTER. — Why are letters stamped on the back?

JESTER. — To let the public know when they reach town.

LESTER. — But why are they stamped so illegibly?

JESTER. — So that the public won't know how long it takes to deliver them.

CHATTERBOXES — Society's, at the Opera.

#### AT VERY UNCERTAIN INTERVALS.

DISPENSARY PHYSICIAN. — Take this medicine three times a day, after each meal.

DUSTY RHODES. — Have n't you forgotten to give me part of the prescription?

DISPENSARY PHYSICIAN. — What?

DUSTY RHODES. — The — er — meal ticket.

JACK HARDUP. — Is there any cure for love?

LOVINA COTTAGE. — Oh, yes! The gold cure.

LOVE IS FREQUENTLY satisfied with quantity; but friendship demands quality.

#### IT LOOKS LIKE IT.

The champion pugilist's so bright,  
So crafty and so cute,  
That soon to go and fight his fight  
He'll pay a substitute.



#### A FOE TO THE UNION.

HOTEL KEEPER. — Well, what's the matter, now?

WAITER GIRL. — Oi've been app'nted a committee av wan be th' Amerikin Waiter Gurruls Union, t' notify yeh that if yeh don't discharrage Maggie, th' new waiter ledly, th' whole foorce will stroik.

HOTEL KEEPER. — My Stars! What has she done?

WAITER GIRL. — She give wan av th' boorders rale crame fur his coffee instid av savin' it fur th' servants' table!



## AN OPTIONAL.



THE SUMMER school of music is tuning up again;  
Art, sciences and languages will follow in the train,  
And teachers, girl professors, and the bud that's turning blue,  
Will join the expedition for the Beautiful and True.

No doubt the world is firmer, as it on its axis whirls,  
Because of all the struggles of these enterprising girls;  
But by Shades of old Chautauqua! I know a Summer course  
That her curriculum by some mistake does not enforce.

For while the searchers after Truth toil under July skies,  
I find it out in one brief glance into my fair one's eyes;  
And, while the Destiny of Man that poor bud vainly seeks,  
It is revealed to me, O Heaven! in one word Phyllis speaks.

They'll come trooping back in Autumn as wise as when they went,—  
We'll hope. At least, it's not for me to mock their good intent;  
When I've got my diploma, and am ready now "to teach,"  
A graduate of Cupid's class, held down here on the beach.

M. L. Smith.



"THE PRESENT TIME."

## A THEORIST.

JIMPSON.—Yes, sir; protection is the only rational policy for Americans. Any man who will advocate free trade, which will enrich foreign merchants at the expense of our merchants, is not worthy of American citizenship. Hello! here comes my train!

SIMPSON.—Going away? Business, I suppose?

JIMPSON.—Well, rather; you see, I go over to Cheap-town to buy my household supplies. I can do from three to five per cent. better there.

## EVER THUS.

The suburbanite who has n't yet  
Paid for last Winter's coal  
Is purchasing roses now, you bet,  
To clamber about a pole.

## MODERN HISTORY.

TEACHER.—Who won the Battle of New Orleans?

SMALL BOY.—Jim Corbett.

IT IS BETTER and greater to be a plain private citizen  
than to hold public office. If you doubt this, consult  
Mr. Richard Croker.

EDITOR OF COUNTRY NEWSPAPER.—There, give that column  
editorial to the foreman and tell him that Panama Canal  
Frenchman's name is spelled with an accented e.

ASSISTANT.—I beg your pardon, sir; but this week it is my turn  
for the accented e, and I've used it in speaking of the *fin de siècle* girl.

EDITOR.—That's so; I forgot. Well, kill the editorial!



## PRACTICALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE.

MISS FADETTE FLOWER.—I have a great affection for  
that church, Professor—as a child, I played about it, while  
it was building!

PROFESSOR SOLOMON STIFF.—Is it possible?—and it  
seems to be still in remarkably good repair!

## DRAWS BETTER.

SOLICITOUS PASTOR.—Ah! my friend; what is more valuable than  
a good reputation?

CARELESS PARISHIONER.—Well, if you are a woman of fashion  
about to go upon the stage, a bad one.

## AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

"We 'Ex-es' take exception  
To Your Presidential dictum.

You were 'Ex-' before election;  
But we broke your rule and—lick'd 'em."  
—Tu Quoque.



## A CAUSE OF CARE AND ANXIETY.

DR. BISMUTH.—Madam, you are utterly prostrated by care and  
overwork. Now, my medicine will do no good until you eradicate the  
source of the evil.

MRS. HIRAM DALY.—All right, Doctor; I will immediately dis-  
charge my three servants.



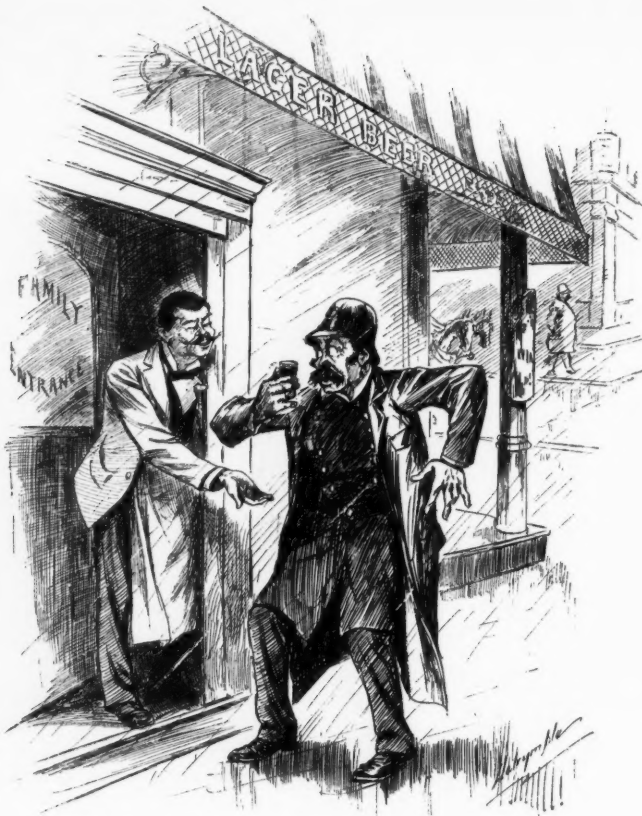
J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

THE REFORM EXPRESS — THE "PRACTICAL POL"





"POLITICAL POLITICIANS" ARE LEFT BY THE ROADSIDE.



## CAUSE FOR SURPRISE.

OFFICER.—How much?  
GREEN BARTENDER.—Ten cents, sir.  
OFFICER.—W-W-What???

## THE CHINEE RACE.



"BIN READIN' some remarks onto the subject of the Chineese popilation," said the man who never went home, folding up his newspaper and leaning thoughtfully against the counter; "a interestin' article in las' week's *Grass Mower*, 'n' I got to kinclue that I hev done them race an injustice in my own mind. I ain't never regard 'em as human bein's, so to speak, or, I mought say, not even as animils of a real respectable character, but I l'arn from these description, that they got surprisin' good qualities in some directions. It appear they are a very dokile race, 'n' very obejeant, 'special obejeant to parents—in fact, disobejeance to ol' folks are looked on as a crime. Now, ain't that a lesson for heathens to teach us inlightened 'n' cultivated stoo-dents? Jes think of it! Why most of our young 'uns would actilly seem to consider *obejeance* a crime, if too much endulged in."

"Say now! look here! hold up!" The man who had left his horse pawing at the door, and had come in for a match, paused in the middle of biting off his cigar, to offer this remonstrance with an injured air. "Don't go comparin' our young folks with sich generations as *them*—don't do it! Them Chinese, young an' old, ought to be swep' off the face of the earth—clean off! It's a livin' disgrace to have such things standin' round."

"Oh, it is, is it?" asked the man who never went home, with ironical tolerance. "You got views a long way ahead of the wisdom that 's runnin' this 'arth, ain't ye? The creeturs that bin made 'n' approved of, don't meet your idees 'n' calkilations. Wal, now, do you suppose this world was on'y made for good folks to live in—folks that *looks* well 'n' *acts* well?"

The man who had never been known to speak, here began and prolonged a yawn, almost beyond the limits of decency—then shut his eyes and tilted his hat down over the bridge of his nose.

"'N' ain't thin's happenin' every day," in unmoved and judicial tones the orator continued, "right here, in these very surroundin's of the highest civilization, that make a human bein' kinder wish he were somethin' else? Of course, if it are a fact, 'n' sech, I believe, some holds it to be, that, at one time, onto this very globe, there was ages called the Dark Ages, why, we got to look round us, and think we *hev* bin kinder lively, makin' headway, but we ain't bin so blame lively that we kin afford to go sweepin' natchel-born bein's off the face of the 'arth, to git 'em out of our sight! It would look to me, that they were quite as much room for people that ain't no business to be here, as for

them that hes." "Who-a-a!" cried the man whose horse continued to indicate a just impatience for his society. "I got to go now, but if I was n't in a darn hurry down Branston way, I'd like to stop and refute them argyments of yourn."

"You mought *like* to," rejoined his opponent, settling back calmly in his chair. "People mostly *would* like to do thin's they ain't fitted for 'n' never kin do! You could n't fetch no argyments to me, Lige! My reasonin' powers is sech, not that I want to boast, but they got jes that capacity 'n' depth, that you mought as well talk to a deaf 'n' dumb man, as try to show me any other view of a subjeck than the one I git hold of first. I ain't possess the humbilty to *listen* to a man that think he kin show me where I'm wrong when I know I'm right!—No, no; that horse o' yourn, Lige, got more sense than you hev. He's a-callin' you to come 'n' git at somethin' you *do* understand. He know you ain't fit to arg' with me."

The man who never spoke scraped his throat suddenly in a peculiarly rasping and aggressive manner, and walked to the window to look after Lige.

"What I say is this," continued the man who never went home, addressing the circumambient air: "Don't be prejudiced, don't be narra-minded. If a Chineese, or a

Japaneese, or whatever mought be its name, kin teach you a lesson you ain't l'arned, or show you a new view onto a subjeck, be good 'n' glad you got the chance to learn it; 'n' whatever you air, don't be obstinit."

Madeline S. Bridges.



## A SURE REVENGE.

MRS. LOVEV.—Do you like this pudding? Mrs. Lotos gave me the recipe for it.  
MR. LOVEV.—No; but I guess you can get square with her by giving her your recipe for mince-pies.

## THE MODERN CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burning deck  
Whence all but him had fled;  
"They rung a cold deck in on me  
And I fired it," he said.

R. L. McC.



## A DIFFERENCE.

AUNT PRISCILLA.—Elizabeth, Elizabeth; wasting your time over silly poetry again, I see.

BESSY.—But, Aunt, dear, this is Pastoral Poetry.

AUNT PRISCILLA (softening).—Ah! What is the pastor's name, dear?



If we could dissect one of our instruments in your presence, you would be astonished at the sum of perfection displayed before your eyes; not a flaw anywhere; leading features everywhere. You would concur with our statement that the **BEST** Piano made is the

139-155 E. 14th St.,  
New York.  
1108 Olive Street,  
St. Louis.  
308-314 Post Street,  
San Francisco.

# SOHMER



## ANGLERS

You are interested in this: . .

**Where** can I get fine Fishing Tackle?

**Where** can I get Fishing Tackle that is warranted?

**Where** can I get honest dealings?

**Where** can I get Fishing Tackle at reasonable prices?

**Why**, of the "Chubb Rod Co." Send 5c. for catalogue of Angling Goods to

T. H. CHUBB ROD CO.,

POST MILLS, VT.

Please mention Puck.

710\*

## IF YOU ARE A Pipe Smoker



### WE WANT YOU TO TRY GOLDEN SCEPTRE.

All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as a trial that it is almost **PERFECTION**. We will send on receipt of 10c. a sample to any address. Prices of Golden Sceptre: 1 lb. \$1.30; 1/4 lb. 40c., postage paid. [Catalogue Free.] **SURBRUG, 159 Fulton St., N. Y. City.**

### CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR



**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**  
America's Favorite **TEN-CENT CIGAR.**  
For Sale by first-class Dealers Everywhere. 738  
Factory, 406 and 408 East 59th St., N. Y.

For

Chapping,

Itching, Dandruff,  
Bad Complexion,

and Odors from Perspiration,

use that delightful balsamic cleanser  
and Antiseptic.

# Packer's Tar Soap

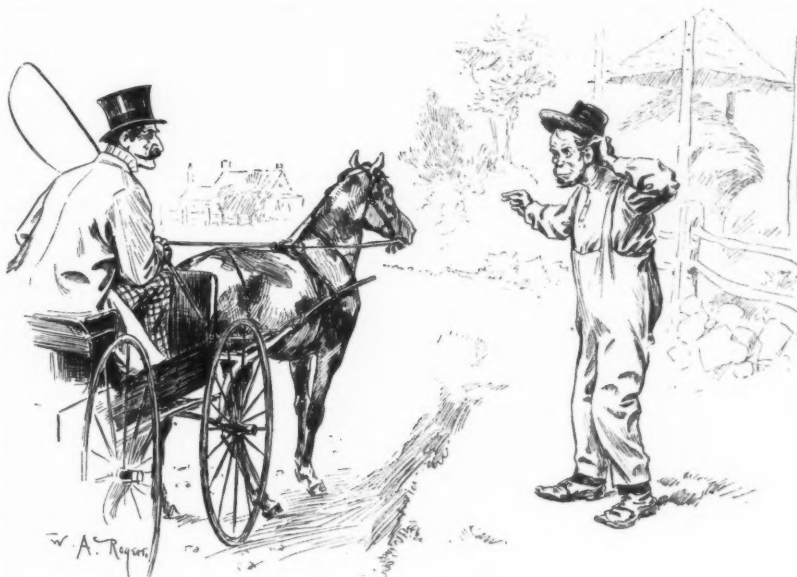
## PUCK'S WORLD'S FAIR

50c. **SOUVENIR.** 50c.

A Triumph of American Humor.

A Triumph of American Art.

A Triumph of American Color-Printing.



IDENTIFIED.

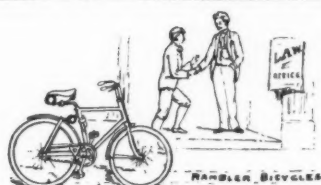
CIRCUS MANAGER (searching for a giraffe that has escaped from his menagerie, to FARM HAND).—Have you seen anything of a giraffe around here, my good man?  
THE GOOD MAN.—A giraffe! Phwat's that? I see a nineteen hand piebald horse, wid an injy-rubber neck, wipin' his nose on the top of thim trees. Is it him yer lookin' fer?

## You Ought To Wear Garters

There is only one satisfactory garter, binding not, wearing well, ever comfortable, holding the stocking, preventing slack of drawers. Worn by gentlemen everywhere. It is the

### BOSTON GARTER,

Made by George Frost Co., Boston. Sold by men's outfitters everywhere.



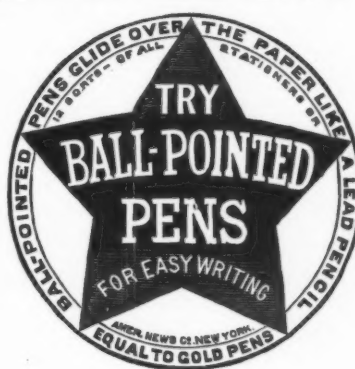
### I Say, Old Man

You must. Gymnasium won't do it—**BICYCLE** out to Nature and fresh air—that's rest. Your cycling clerks do most work—take the hint. My Rambler was a paying investment.

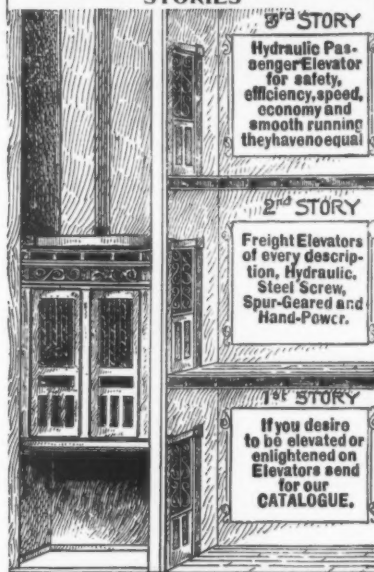
Handsome Catalogue free.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.,

CHICAGO, BOSTON, WASHINGTON, NEW YORK.



## GRAVES ELEVATING STORIES



Hydraulic Passenger Elevator for safety, efficiency, speed, economy and smooth running they have no equal.

2nd STORY

Freight Elevators of every description, Hydraulic, Steel Screw, Spur-Gear and Hand-Power.

1st STORY

If you desire to be elevated or enlightened on Elevators send for our CATALOGUE.

## GRAVES ELEVATOR CO.

709 ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
New York: 92-94 Liberty St.  
Boston: 53 State Street.  
Detroit: Hodges Building.  
Atlanta, Ga.: Inman Bld'g.

## Good breeding

appears in a sense of propriety—the fitness of things; it shuns display and extravagance; practices economy as "good form." Think how a trivial accident adds to the expense of a hundred-dollar watch! Wouldn't it be good sense to substitute during busy hours—and on your journeyings—an accurate, tasteful, low-priced timepiece?—Your jeweler will show you the advantage of the new, quick-winding Waterbury over others.

For yourself, or "better self," child, or friend, you can find nothing more appropriate. Every jeweler sells it in styles for all tastes—but no mean styles; filled gold, coin-silver, etc. \$15 down to \$4.

37

## EASY TO RIDE

That's one fine point about the **Imperial Wheel**. It has many others equally good. Get our Catalogue and know all about it.



AMES & FROST COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

## The Virginia Hotel

CHICAGO, ILL.

400 ROOMS.

Absolutely Fireproof.

AMERICAN PLAN.

Expectant Visitors to the World's Fair should send for our photographic book of interior views, including room diagrams and rates, which we mail free on application. Address,

**THE VIRGINIA HOTEL CO.,**  
CHICAGO, ILL.

## EXTRACT OF BEEF

As a medical comfort and stimulant. The Medical Profession recommends highly the use of

### Liebig COMPANY'S Extract

In all cases of weakness and digestive disorder. Try a cup when exhausted and see how refreshing it is.

This is a facsimile of the signature of *Justus von Liebig* on the jar.

BE SURE AND GET THE GENUINE.

Pickings from Puck 9th Crop 28 cts.

# Pears' Soap

"Beauty is but skin deep" was probably meant to disparage beauty. Instead, it tells how easy that beauty is to attain.

"There is no beauty like the beauty of health" was also meant to disparage. Instead, it encourages beauty.

Pears' Soap is the means of health to the skin, and so to both these sorts of beauty.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

## "Tanis, the Sang Digger." AMÉLIE RIVES' Latest and greatest novel, begun in TOWN TOPICS,

March 30th, will run about 12 weeks. Send \$1.00 for 3 months' subscription, covering this story and the other good things that make this Journal unexcelled by any, for the entertainment of men and women of intelligence and culture. Sample copies, 10 cents. All News and Book stands, or address 782 TOWN TOPICS, 21 West 23rd Street, N. Y.

## HIGH-CLASS Tailoring. S Moderate Prices.

WE KEEP NO GOODS CONTAINING SHODDY OR COTTON. COLORS FAST. OUR GUARANTEE WARRANTS EVERY DETAIL IN OUR GARMENTS. MONEY CHEERFULLY REFUNDED. RETURN ANYTHING NOT SATISFACTORY. FINE CLAY DIAGONALS, SUITABLE FOR DRESS WEAR.

COAT AND VEST TO ORDER, \$15.00.

EXTRA FINE SCOTCH TWEEDS, CHEVOTS, AND MIXED CASSIMERES,

SUIT TO ORDER, \$20.00.

EXTRA FINE SILK-LINED SPRING OVERCOAT TO ORDER,

\$18.00.

SAMPLES, FASHION REVIEW, AND MEASURING BLANK FREE ON APPLICATION.

**ARNHEIM,**  
BROADWAY AND 9TH ST., } NEW YORK.  
BOWERY AND SPRING ST., }

No one can know the value of a little scratch on a red wagon until he offers it for sale.—*Atchison Globe.*

**FREE TO BALD HEADS.**  
I will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. H. W. Gardner, 22 East Second Street, Cincinnati, O.

"I'M IN a pretty pickle," as the fly said when he fell into a jar of red cabbage.—*Tex. Siftings.*

## KODAK FILMS.

Our New Films are giving perfect satisfaction. They are highly sensitive and repeated tests show that they retain this sensitiveness as well as glass plates. No other films are so free from imperfections; none so uniform; none so reliable. Our film doesn't frill.

**Eastman Kodak Co.,**  
Rochester, N. Y.



## Wurlitzer Guitars:

POLISHED ANTIQUE OAK .....\$10.00  
POLISHED MAHOGANY.....\$12.00  
POLISHED ROSEWOOD.....\$16.00

Each guitar is standard size, has nickel-plated patent heads and tail piece, pearl position dots, Orange polished sound boards, fancy wood-inlaid sound hole, hard wood polished neck, rosewood finger board. The Rosewood guitar has an inlaid edge, also.

### Warranted perfect in Scale.

With each guitar is supplied a leather bound, fleece-lined, end-opening canvas case.

Either of above guitars will be sent to any express office, C. O. D., with privilege of examination. 761

**The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.,**  
Established 1857. CINCINNATI, O.

**Pickings from Puck,**  
9th Crop, 25 cents.



### A RAKE'S PROGRESS. — I.

MISS DORKING.—Who was that?  
SHANG HIG.—Oh, never recognize him, Miss Dorking! He's tough; one of the most notorious fighting characters about town.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

The guaranteed cure for all headaches is Bromo-Seltzer — Trial bottle free.



Convenient  
and  
Economical.

Reliable  
and  
Healthful.

*The Franco-American Food Company,*  
West Broadway & Franklin Street, New York.



## KRANICH & BACH PIANOS.

Warerooms: 235 and 239 E. 23d St., N. Y.  
16 West 125th St., N. Y.  
OWING TO THE GREAT DEMAND FOR THESE CELEBRATED PIANOS, WE HAVE ERECTED A VERY LARGE ADDITION TO OUR FACTORY WHICH WILL ENABLE US TO MAKE 50 PIANOS PER WEEK.

THESE INSTRUMENTS ARE UNEXCELLED AND ARE SOLD AT MODERATE PRICES. SOLD ON INSTALMENTS AND RENTED.



"BABY RUTH," made of pure silk, rich in colors, oriental in design, with beautiful Ruth arrayed in all the splendor of her national costume. Worn by the leading delegates at the Chicago Convention, and producing the wildest sensation at the Cleveland Exposition. Price, 15 cents.

Our "Columbian Isabella," made of silk in every variety of color; the greatest World's Fair novelty on earth. Price, 15 cts. Will mail both on receipt of 25 cts. Liberal discounts in quantities and to agents. Novelty cut free.

"MILLER," Manufacturer, 21 Ann St., New York. 775

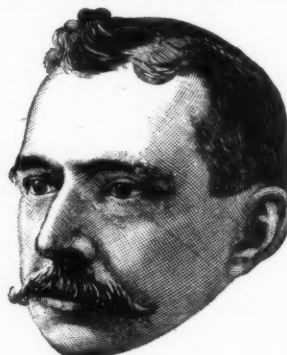
## WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

FOR THE SCALP, SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

The result of 20 years' practical experience in treating the Skin and Scalp, a medicinal toilet soap for bathing and beautifying. Prepared by a dermatologist. Sold by druggists, grocers and dry goods dealers, or sent by mail, 3 cakes for \$1.00.

WOODBURY'S ANTISEPTIC SHAVING STICKS AND BARS.

Impossible to contract a skin disease when used. Insist on your barber using it when shaving you. Sticks, 25c.; Barbers' Bars, 15c., 2 for 25c.



A sample Cake of Facial Soap and a 150 page book on Dermatology and Beauty, illustrated: on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 10 cents; also disfigurements, like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pimples, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Fimples, Facial Development, Changing the Features, Shaping the Ears, Nose, etc.

**JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist,**  
125 West 42d Street, - - New York City.  
CONSULTATION FREE AT OFFICE OR BY LETTER.

**BEATTY** PIANOS, ORGANS, \$33 up. Want agents. Catalogue free. Address Dan'l F. Beatty, Washington, N.J.

## TOUCHES THE SPOT



## WOOD'S Penetrating PLASTER

Wood's Penetrating Plaster is a distinct step forward; a decided improvement upon common porous plasters. It removes the fatty matter in the pores, enabling the painkiller to rapidly penetrate and **Stop the Ache.** Unrivalled remedy for Rheumatism, Lame Back, Etc., Price 25 cts. Sold by all first-class druggists, or mailed by **Worth taking Trouble to Get.** JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 92 William Street, New York.





## Is your Grocer alive

to the interests of his customers—you in particular? Did you ever reflect that it is the consumer who must do the work usually in all lines of progress?

Has it ever occurred to you that there must be a reason for the sales of CHOCOLAT MENIER aggregating Thirty-three Million Pounds per annum? Have you ever tried it? If not, why not? Possibly you did not know that COCOA and CHOCOLATE bear the same relation to each other as Skimmed Milk to Pure Cream.

Send your address to MENIER, W. Broadway and Leonard St., N. Y. City, for sample and directions for a perfect cup of chocolate.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR  
**CHOCOLAT MENIER**  
Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION LBS.  
SAMPLES SENT FREE. MENIER, N. Y.

## URBANA WINE COMPANY Gold Seal Champagne

For Sale by  
all leading Wine Dealers  
and Grocers.

Post Office:  
URBANA, N. Y.

## THE NEW ILLUSTRATED Monthly Magazine.

READY MAY NEXT. PRICE 25 CENTS.

PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY IN  
LONDON and NEW YORK.

PALL MALL MAGAZINE. Highest Art.  
PALL MALL MAGAZINE. Choicest Literature.  
PALL MALL MAGAZINE.  
PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

Will contain contributions from all the most popular authors of the day. Illustrations by leading artists and engravers will be made a prominent feature.

Office: 59 Charing Cross Road, London, (Eng.)

PUBLISHERS:

**George Routledge & Sons,**  
(LIMITED.)

LONDON — Broadway, Ludgate Hill.  
NEW YORK — 9 Lafayette Place.

783



THE NAME TO REMEMBER WHEN BUYING A BICYCLE is A. W. GUMP & CO., DAYTON, OHIO. \$30 to \$50 saved on many new and second-hand Bicycles. Lists free. Over 2000 in stock. Cash or time. Agents wanted.

THE real reason why negroes live to such an extreme old age is that they don't know exactly when they were born. — *Tex. Sift.*



In an industrial parade in a Western city, recently, a plumber had a float to exhibit his patent sink. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

# VICTOR BICYCLES

FIRST  
TIRES  
AND  
IMPROVEMENTS

Ten Thousand Dollars

was lost, in 1892, to the L. A. W. Road Improvement Fund, because no bicycle maker dared contest the claim that our factory is the best equipped bicycle factory in the world. We stood ready for one year to prove this or forfeit \$10,000 as stated, but no one accepted the challenge.

We lead in tires, improvements and facilities, and Victor Bicycles are best.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.  
BOSTON. WASHINGTON. DENVER. SAN FRANCISCO.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.  
SPECIAL AGENTS.  
CHICAGO. NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA.



A RAKE'S PROGRESS. — II.  
(And this was the result of the warning.)

## La Flor De Vallens & Co. Incomparable Clear Havana Cigars.



If your dealer does not sell this brand, we will send you a box, charges prepaid, containing 13 Cigars for \$1.25, \$1.50 and upward to \$6.00. These Cigars range in Price from 10c. to 50c. each.

**EUGENE VALLENS & CO., 44 to 54 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.**



## POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER

is a fragrant and refreshing preparation, which imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin, removes pimples, freckles and discolorations and is never unpleasantly noticeable. Many complexion powders contain lime, white-lead, arsenic and other injurious ingredients. Thirty years of popular use has proven the purity of Pozzoni's. In three shades: Pink or Flesh, White and Brunette

For Sale Everywhere.

## OUTDOOR Joy

He or she who cycles not, knows little of the grandest pleasure to mortal permitted. He or she who rides not a Columbia knows not of "winged flight on bands of everlasting steel," for Columbias are sound.

Book about Columbias free at Columbia agencies. By mail for two 2-cent stamps. Pope Mfg. Co., Boston, New York, Chicago, Hartford.

## Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies —OR— Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of  
**W. BAKER & CO.'S  
Breakfast Cocoa**

which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.  
**W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.**



**YOU CAN SMOKE**  
to your heart's content — never experience unpleasant after effects — no dyspepsia or sleeplessness if you use  
**STILES' ANTI-NICOTINE TABLETS**  
Invaluable to Smokers.

Sold by all druggists and cigar-dealers, or by mail, 15 cents a bottle.

**H. D. Stiles, Sole U. S. Agent,**  
35 Broadway Extension, Boston, Mass.

"How do you pronounce it, 'crinoline' or 'crinolen'?"  
"Neither; just a nuisance." — *Inter Ocean.*

Puck's Library No. 70

## ON THE RIALTO

Just Out! 10 Cents

Being PUCK'S Best Things About "Hams" and Hamlets.

**LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, Banker, New York,** buys and sells Exchange on all parts of the world.

**A WORD TO THE WISE.**  
CERTAIN ADVERTISEMENTS FROM TRADE RIVALS,  
who fear the phenomenal success of

# Van Houten's Cocoa

in America, contain innuendoes against it, and appeal to the authority of  
Dr. SYDNEY RINGER, Professor of Medicine at University College, London.  
Author of the Standard "Handbook of Therapeutics."

This eminent physician **ACTUALLY** writes as follows:—  
"From the careful analyses of Professor ATTFIELD and others, I am satisfied that Messrs. VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is in no way injurious to health, and that it is decidedly more nutritious than other COCOAS.—It is certainly 'Pure' and highly digestible."  
"The quotations in certain advertisements from my book on Therapeutics are quite misleading and can not possibly apply to VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA."  
The false reflection on VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is thus effectually repelled, and the very authority cited to injure it, has thereby been prompted to give it a very handsome testimonial. A

A BROADWAY MERCHANT.  
MR. HAYSEED.—These New Yorkers  
jes' rush theirselves to death. Why on  
'arth do they kill theirselves that way?  
MRS. HAYSEED.—Land sakes! they  
've got to. Think of the rents they  
pay.—*New York Weekly.*  
"I HATE a man who knows more  
than I do," said Chappie.  
"What a forlorn, friendless life you  
must lead!" said the sympathetic Miss  
Maud.—*Harper's Bazar.*  
Mental exhaustion or brain fatigue  
Promptly cured by Bromo-Seltzer.

## Increased Appetite

is one of the first good effects  
felt by users of Scott's Emulsion  
of cod-liver oil with Hypophos-  
phites. Good appetite begets  
good health.

# Scott's Emulsion

is a fat food that provides its  
own tonic. Instead of a tax up-  
on appetite and digestion it is a  
wonderful help to both.

*Scott's Emulsion ar-  
rests the progress of  
Consumption, Bron-  
chitis, Scrofula, and  
other wasting diseases  
by raising a barrier of  
healthy flesh, strength  
and nerve.*

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

A  
GRAND  
COMBINATION

## YALE MIXTURE

FOR THE PIPE.

A Delightful Blend of St. James Parish,  
Louisiana, Perique, Genuine Imported Tur-  
kish, Extra Bright Plug Cut, Extra Bright  
Long Cut, and Marburg Bros.' Celebrated  
Brand "Pickings."

MARBURG BROS.



If You Want  
Good Tailoring  
Go Where They  
Know How to  
Make It.

*Nicoll*  
The Tailor

Knows How!  
His Ideas are original  
— His workmanship  
in good taste — His  
stock the most com-  
prehensive.

Suits to measure from \$20.00.  
Trousers from \$5.00.  
Samples mailed.  
771 Broadway — 145 & 147 Bowery, New York.



NOT AN APPETIZER.

FIRST ITINERANT (looking in window of hotel kitchen).—I've got a awful appetite;  
but I hain't got der price der satisfy it.  
SECOND ITINERANT.—Well; dey won't give yer nothin' in dere.  
FIRST ITINERANT.—I know; but when a feller sees how dey prepare de food he won't  
want nothin' ter eat for a week.

Vigor, vitality, and a healthy appetite, imparted by a  
little Angostura Bitters every morning. Sole manufac-  
turers, Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. At all druggists.

As a delicate flavor, delicious and refreshing, *Cook's  
Extra Dry Champagne* takes the lead. Millions of bottles  
are sold annually.

## INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE

NO TROUBLE  
NO BOILING  
THE GREATEST INVENTION  
EVERY OF THE AGE HAVE IT.  
POWDERED AND PUT IN ONE POUND IN CANS.  
75¢ PER CAN.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,  
INVENTORS AND SOLE MAN'FS. PHILADELPHIA.

## CANDY

Send \$1.95, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for  
a superb box of candy by ex-  
press, prepaid, east of Denver  
or west of New York. Suitable  
for presents. Sample orders  
solicited. Address,  
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,  
212 State St., Chicago.

## BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS

FOR THE  
HAIR AND SKIN.

An elegant dressing. Prevents  
baldness, gray hair, and dandruff.  
Makes the hair grow thick and soft.  
Cures eruptions and diseases of the  
skin. Heals cuts, burns, bruises and  
scalds. All druggists or by mail 50 cts. 44 Stone St. N.Y.

## BICYCLES

On Easy  
Payments.

New or 2d hand; lowest prices, larg-  
est stock; makers & oldest dealers in  
U. S. We sell everywhere. *Cata. free.*  
Housh, Hazard & Co. 66 & 68 St. Peoria, Ill.

## AT THE WORLD'S FAIR MERIT TRIUMPHS.

### ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N WILL SUPPLY THE BEER.

Read what the GLOBE-DEMOCRAT of St. Louis says:  
Busch, that gentleman candidly told them that if beer was beer with them, and they were looking for a supply on  
the basis of cheapness, then the Anheuser-Busch would not be in it; but if it was quality and not cheap beer  
they were after, and were willing to pay for good beer, such as the Anheuser-Busch manufacture every day in  
the year, then he was ready to treat with them. As quality is the desiderata the World's Fair Casino Restau-  
rant will supply nothing but the best — Anheuser-Busch brew."

"I'M FEELING dead rocky," as the petrified  
fish remarked to itself.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

New York Depot, O. MEYER & CO., 104 Broad St.

## CLARKE'S PURE RYE

ABSOLUTELY PURE.  
The purity — age and elegant  
bouquet of Clarke's Pure  
Rye has won for it the title —  
The Finest Whiskey in the World  
and places it foremost for medicinal,  
club and family use. Each package bears  
U. S. Chemist's Certificate of purity.  
None genuine without trademark C. B. &  
Co. on label. Price: per Bottle, \$1.50; per  
doz. \$12.00; per Gal. \$4; per 2 gal. \$8.50; securely packed. We  
ask a trial order. For sale by all druggists or COLBURN,  
BIRKS & CO., Sole Agents, 22 Ash St., Peoria, Ill.

## DUPLICATE WHIST

KALAMAZOO METHOD.—The only system giving  
the real test of skill — endorsed by The American Whist  
League and all leading Whist Clubs and Players. For Sale  
by Stationers and Dealers in Games. Send for Rules and  
Price-List.  
LILING BROS. & EVERARD, Kalamazoo, Mich.

## THE BARKEEPER'S FRIEND POLISH

At Druggists, 25c. a pound; 5 for \$1. Powdered form.  
GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Mfr.,  
295 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX"

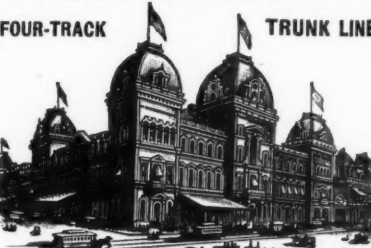
A box of  
**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

constitutes a  
family medi-  
cine chest.  
Sick Head-  
ache, Weak  
Stomach,  
Loss of Ap-  
petite, Wind  
and Pain in  
the Stomach,  
Giddiness,  
Fullness, Swelling after meals, Dizziness,  
Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of  
Heat, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness,  
Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep,  
and all nervous and trembling sensa-  
tions are relieved by using these Pills.  
Covered with a Tasteless and Soluble Coating  
Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box.  
New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD,"

## NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE



Reaching by its through cars the most import-  
ant commercial centers of the United States and  
Canada, and the greatest of America's Health  
and Pleasure resorts.  
This is the direct line to Niagara Falls by  
way of the historic Hudson River and through  
the beautiful Mohawk Valley.  
All trains arrive at and depart from Grand  
Central Station, 4th Avenue and 42d Street,  
New York, center of hotel and residence sec-  
tion, and the only Railroad Station in New  
York.  
For one of the "Four-Track Series" send two  
two-cent stamps to GEORGE H. DANIELS, Gen-  
eral Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station,  
New York.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest  
and Best  
of All Stomach Bitters, and as fine a co-  
rdial as ever made. To be had in Quarts and Pints.  
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.  
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

A HAIR GROWER.  
Prof. Dyer's Hair produced a  
luxuriant growth on my smooth  
face in 4 weeks. It restored  
the hair on my head when I  
was previously bald. The only  
remedy. 5000 similar letters.

FREE TO ANYBODY.  
We mail a 21 size outfit Prof. Dyer's Hair  
free, with directions to use, all complete.  
Pay either cash, express, 50 day post paid.  
Gold watch free. Send us 10c in name  
or silver, to insure safe delivery. Box 2,  
Smith Med. Co., Palatine, Ill.

## HOTEL BRUNSWICK

Exact Size.

Down-town Depot:  
SUNBRUG, 150 Fulton St., N. Y.

## HOTEL BRUNSWICK.

EQUAL TO ANY IMPORTED CIGAR. We prefer you should buy of your dealer; if he does not keep them, send \$1.00  
for sample box of 10, by mail, to JACOB STAHL, JR. & CO., 168th Street and 3d Avenue, N. Y. City.



Prevents Office Headache.  
Mistakes in Addition.  
Mistakes in Carrying  
Forward.  
Listing Scattered  
Items to add them.

Saves 60% of time in doing  
the work.  
And all the time  
looking for errors.

Write for  
Pamphlet.  
FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO., CHICAGO.



**THE Monarch** King of Them All.

Best in the World  
Send for our 24-page catalogue  
AGENTS WANTED.  
**MONARCH CYCLE CO.,**  
Chicago, U. S. A.



**BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP**

Over 1,000,000 Ladies who have used it pronounce it the Best Soap in the World For the Complexion.

Excels any 25c. Soap. Ask your dealer for it. Full size sample, 12 cents. Beware of imitations.

**Cosmo Buttermilk Soap Co.,**  
84 ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO.



**SIX LITTLE TAILORS**  
CLAY'S DIAGONAL  
COATS AND VESTS

(to order),  
**\$12, \$15, \$18.**

These goods are made out of pure BOTANY wool, soft finished and won't gloss. We have received a large shipment of this material.

**THE LATEST NOVELTIES FOR SPRING OVERCOATS**  
(to order),  
**\$18**

Silk or Satin Lined. London stripes and checks for trousers in large varieties, to order, \$5.00 and upwards. You will save money by leaving your order with this firm.




Samples and Self-Measurement sent on application.  
Cloth sold by the yard, all shrunk and ready for use.

**JACOBS BROTHERS,**  
Bowery, cor. Broome St., } NEW YORK.  
229 Broadway, opp. P. O., }

**EDEN MUSÉE. New Wax Groups.**  
AFTERNOON AND EVENING.  
Grand Concerts by Danko Gabor's Band.  
MATINEE from 2 to 5. EVENING PERFORMANCES from 8 to 11.  
**LOTTI MORTIMER.** Serpentine Dances.  
**MASTER WALTER LEON.** the Wonderful Orator, 6 Years Old.  
**ANDO and OMNE. GUBAL and GREVILLE.**  
**THE FOUR HARRISON SISTERS.**  
**THE ROGER SISTERS.**  
Matinees, Monday, Wednesday, Saturday.  
Admission 50 Cents.

**SOLID GOLD FILLED WATCH**  
Guaranteed 20 Years.  
A genuine gold filled watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your name and address, and we will send you this elegant watch by express for examination, and if you think it equal in appearance to any \$50.00 gold watch, pay our sample price, \$7.95, and it is yours. We send with it our guarantee that you can return it at anytime within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you ONE FREE. Write at once, we shall send out samples for 60 days only. Address  
**THE NATIONAL MFG & IMPORTING CO.,**  
334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.



**BALDNESS**  
Positively and Permanently Relieved.  
Address or call  
**G. Wenzel, 623 Sixth Ave., N. Y.**

A GIRL'S conversation must appear flowery when she "talks through her hat."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

**Starved to Death**  
in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, unnecessary, yet we hear of it often. Infants thrive physically and mentally when properly fed. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food obtainable. Grocers and Druggists.

**Arnold Constable & Co.**  
IMPORTED  
**SPRING NOVELTIES.**  
WRAPS, CAPES, JACKETS.  
**PARIS AND LONDON COSTUMES, EVENING DRESSES.**  
New Colorings and New Materials.  
**Broadway & 191st St.**  
NEW YORK.

A QUARTER in the pocket will buy more groceries than a dollar somebody owes you.—*Ram's Horn.*

The RAPID SAFETY CHOPPER is a new Boston invention: saves time and strength in preparing Hashes, Croquettes, Minced Dishes, Salads, etc.; takes one-tenth time of old method; is always ready; prevents spilling; keeps fumes of onions away from eyes, person and garments; children like to use it; friends will want one when they see yours; indispensable to Housekeepers, Summer Cottagers, Campers and Yachtsmen. We are working overtime to fill orders. Send \$1.50 Postal Note for sample Chopper and Cook Book. Agents wanted in every town. 790

**Household Novelty Co.,**  
11 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

"Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away."  
Name of little book just received—tells about *Notobac*, the wonderful, harmless, economical cure for chewing—smoking—cigarette or snuff habit. You run no physical or financial risk, for *Notobac* is absolutely guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Book mailed free. THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Box 1149, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind. 786

This is our Label.



And these our Brands.  
"Wiener"  
"Special Dark Brew"  
"Lager Beer"

Bottled at the Brewery by improved methods, thus enhancing the reputation for high class brewing maintained for half a century.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.**  
GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.  
**THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.**

SPRING NO. 2.

# Buffalo Lithia Water

certainly acts better than any extemporaneous solution of the Lithia Salts.

The efficacy of this water in affections of the nervous system, complicated with Bright's disease of the kidneys or with a gouty diathesis, nervous dyspepsia, nervous prostration, stone in the bladder, etc., etc., etc.

**William A. Hammond, M.D.** Washington, D. C., Surgeon-General U. S. Army (retired), formerly Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the University of New York, etc.: "There is a point in relation to the therapeutical efficacy of the Buffalo Lithia Water which has not, as yet, I think, received sufficient attention. It is well known that many cases of diseases of the nervous system are complicated with lithæmia, and that unless this condition is removed a cure is very often retarded and not infrequently entirely prevented. It is quite commonly the case that in Cerebral Congestion producing Insomnia, Nervous Prostration, resulting from over-mental work or much emotional disturbance, and in Epilepsy (to say nothing of many cases of insanity) an excess of uric acid in the blood is often observed. This state appears to be altogether independent of the character of the food, for no matter how careful the physician may be in regard to the diet of his patient, the lithæmic condition continues. I have tried to overcome this persistence by the use of phosphate of ammonia and other so-called solvents for uric acid, but without notable effect.

"Several years ago, however, I began to treat such cases with Buffalo Lithia Water, with a result that was as astonishing to me as it was beneficial to the patient, so that now in all cases of nervous diseases under my charge in which there is an excess of uric acid in the blood, I use the Buffalo Lithia Water in large quantities. By this I mean that I do not have the patient drink merely a tumbler or two in the course of the day, but that I flood him, so to speak, with the water, making him drink a gallon or even more in twenty-four hours. By this course the urine after a few days ceases to deposit uric acid crystals on standing, the morbid irritability of the patient disappears, the tongue becomes clean, the wandering pains in the head are abolished, and the system is rendered much more amenable to the special treatment which may be necessary for the cure of the disease from which the patient suffers.

"I have tried carbonate of lithia dissolved in water in various proportions, but it certainly does not, in cases to which I refer, have the same effect as Buffalo Lithia Water."

And as a matter of prime importance it is not to be forgotten that the composition of the Buffalo Lithia Water is such, and the experience of its use so complete, that no doubt exists of its great power not only as a solvent for calculi already in the bladder, but for the elements of such calculi existing in the blood.

Water in cases of 1 Doz. Half-Gallon Bottles, \$5 f. o. b. here.  
Descriptive pamphlets sent free.

**THOS. F. GOODE, Prop.**  
BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VA.

## BETTON'S PILE SALVE.

An old reliable and ever-helpful home treatment for piles, no matter how severe the case. It is as gentle as water, as soothing as balm, and quickly banishes the pain and torture of this distressing ailment. Betton's Pile Salve will cure piles of any type. A record of 50 years' success. At Drug-gists, or send 50 cents with name and address. Free by mail.

**WINKELMANN & BROWN DRUG CO.,**  
BALTIMORE, Md. 639

**HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE.**  
Nos. 31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St., New York.  
BRANCH, N. E. cor. William & Spruce Sts., }

Safe, Light, Handsome, Compact.  
EXTENDED  & FOLDED  
ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O.

**WHITE ROSE**  
TRADE MARK  
**GLYCERINE-SOAP**



Guaranteed to contain no rosin, or any injurious substances. Delicacy of Perfume unexcelled. Sole U. S. Agents.

**MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York.**

## THE ART OF WOOING.

TWO HEROS of a robber band  
Aspired to one fair lady's hand.  
This lady's father, so they say,  
Was also in the robber way.  
Hard by the robbers' cave he kept  
An inn where weary travelers slept.  
And twixt the two — 't is what they say —  
'T was mighty little got away.

The robbers, sturdy, strong and stout,  
Determined for to fight it out —  
Because the maiden *would* refuse  
Between the pair of them to choose:  
For both were young and had displayed  
Great fitness for the robber trade.

So when they said "Drop round to-night  
And watch the combat while we fight;  
And when it's ended give your hand  
To either of us who can stand!"  
She said, "Oh, sweet romantic dream!  
A chaste refinement gilds your scheme.

"I'll consecrate my tender life  
Unto the winner in your strife —  
And over the hills and far away  
Beyond the merry break of day,  
Over the hills, over the hills, over the hills we'll go."

"All right," said they; and they sought a spot  
Down in a cool, secluded grot,  
Where they prepared for the battle hot.  
Great big Hugh with his shoulders wide,  
John, the Tall, six foot in his pride.  
No bigger men  
Than they two then  
Ever the chances of battle tried.

But the ground was damp and moist and mean,  
And the trees were covered with mildew green,  
And they feared that their handsome clothes would  
be hurt —  
For the dirt was exceedingly dirty dirt.  
So they called little Bill, the hostler's lad,  
A sharp-nosed, sharp-eyed, clever young cad,  
To come up into the danksome place  
And hold their garments, all gilt and lace.

And they piled Bill up with costly stuff,  
And having stripped to their breeches and buff,  
They pitched in fighting, and pitched in rough.

Then said Little Bill to the lady fair,  
"Are you onto the stuff I am carrying there?  
There's two gold watches and ten gold rings,  
And breast-pins and watch-charms and such-like things,  
And a purse or two and a dagger new,  
And a coat of red and a coat of blue,  
Gold-laced and satin-lined through and through.  
There is wealth untold in this heap, my dear,  
And this is what I propose to you here:  
Let these two elephants fight away  
And we will skip for the break of day —  
And over the hills, over the hills, and over the hills  
we'll go!"

And the lady said, "William, a mind like yours  
Is a mind that a maiden of taste allures,  
Wrap 'em up safe in this shawl of mine  
And consider my whole fond being thine;  
If we get out quiet and do not lag  
We can stop at father's and steal his nag."

And while the two robbers battled away —  
And bloody and terrible was the fray —  
They neither observed  
How they were served  
When, with all their precious and fine array,  
Bill and the maid in a modest way  
Softly sneaked for the break of day —  
And over the hills, over the hills, over the hills they went.

